

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aimest at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's"

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881

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Published every Wednesday,

BY

N. G. OSTEN,

SUMTER, S. C.

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PAINTHEARTED.

I asked her if she'd marry me.

Love made me half-demented.

She kindly heard my earnest plea,

And blushing consented.

Since then the wedding day she set,

Her trousseau's almost ready;

I know that I'm in luck, and yet

My nerves are quite uneasy.

I loved her then and I love her now,

Her love makes life worth living;

But secretly I must avow

I feel a strong misgiving.

Sometimes I wish that I were free,

And hadn't gone and done it,

Since her papa has shown to me

The bill for her last bonnet.

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as he died solemnly: "I callate another cut

would fill all the jail in the country. You

may as well give us the least we can live on

as heres support us in prison."

The mill owner rose to his feet with a

bustling movement of impatience. The un-

reasonable beings had no conception of the

principles of political economy, but always

had a particular hardship of their own

made against its beautiful theories, as if that

made the rich more rich must not in some

way help the beggars even that cringed at

their feet.

"Well, well, I don't mean to cut you again

if you don't better me too much. I have

lost so much that I really can't afford an-

other dollar of expense." He rang the bell

for the servant.

There was a gleam of sarcastic humor in

John Graves' black eyes.

"But wouldn't it now be quite a loss to

burn up a thousand good cheap factory

hands? I wouldn't thought you could afford

that. These fire escapes now—"

"Show them out, Mary," interrupted Mr.

Breton, and he might as well have known

I could find a thousand and good as cheap,

in a week, and he shut the office door after

them with a slam.

"But you have let those men go away

thinking you had just let them go. They

burned down the factory, and they

burned down the factory, and they

burned down the factory, and they

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burned down the factory, and they

remembered that moment that to-morrow

was the day she had promised to let him

marry to her. They would go to the

door and come in, tearing a scrap of paper

between his fat fingers.

But Philip thrust his letter into his inside

pocket, and then made sure it was safe, as if

it were a precious relic of admission.

"My dear Phil, if there was a man full

enough to try and give the poor what they